

Quid Novi

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MCGILL UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF LAW
FACULTE DE DROIT DE L'UNIVERSITE MCGILL

November 23, 1987
le 23 novembre, 1987

LES ÉTERNELS OUBLIÉS DE LA POLITIQUE CANADIENNE

Jeanne Cadorette

Les Amérindiens et les Inuits du Canada sont toujours les grands oubliés des réformes politiques et juridiques du Canada et l'Accord du Lac Meech n'a pas fait exception à la règle. Le représentant du Québec à l'Assemblée des Premières Nations, Monsieur Sioui, présentait le mercredi 11 novembre dernier, les revendications des Amérindiens et les effets de l'Accord sur ces demandes pourtant justifiables.

L'Assemblée des Premières Nations regroupe tous les autochtones canadiens créant ainsi une forme de gouvernement central qui défend leurs droits.

Les revendications des Amérindiens sont claires: reconnaissance de leur titre sur le territoire, reconnaissance de leur droit à l'autodétermination, clarification des juridictions, aménagement des lois fiscales pour leur permettre d'avoir des ressources à leur disposition, un traité qui clarifierait ce que les anciens traités signifient dans le contexte actuel et un pouvoir accordé aux Amérindiens pour refuser ou accepter les amendements aux droits des autochtones. Toutes ces demandes ont été présentées pendant les conférences sur les droits des autochtones mais aucun accord n'a été conclu. Plusieurs provinces ont rejeté les demandes des autochtones. Il semble que les gouvernements provinciaux ne pouvaient en arriver à une entente.

Pourtant un mois plus tard les gouvernements provinciaux et fédéral signaient l'Accord du Lac Meech qui couronnait les efforts de réintégration du Québec dans la fédération canadienne. Pour Monsieur Sioui il y a toujours une possibilité d'entente lorsque la volonté politique d'y arriver existe, mais dans le cas des revendications des autochtones, cette volonté n'existe pas.

Selon Monsieur Sioui les autochtones sont heureux des succès constitutionnels du Québec mais la décentralisation que représente l'entente du Lac Meech les effraie. Les provinces étendent leurs juridictions au détriment des autochtones et la clause de retrait des programmes fédéraux (avec compensation) peut affecter les autochtones qui eux pourraient tenir à la formu-

lation du programme fédéral. Pour Monsieur Sioui deux points essentiels ressortent de l'Accord du Lac Meech: la non-participation des Amérindiens et des Inuits aux négociations et le blocage prévisible des demandes de leurs peuples à cause de la règle de l'unanimité pour amender la Constitution. Il semble très peu probable que cette nouvelle formule d'amendement permettra de créer de nouvelles provinces. De plus la notion de société distincte peut, dans le futur, devenir soit totalement vide de sens, soit une arme très dangereuse entre les mains du gouvernement québécois.

Pour Monsieur Sioui le gouvernement Mulroney a donné aux provinces des droits qui affecteront sérieusement les droits des autochtones.

Suite à la p.5

THE GINSBURG AFFAIR : STUDENTS PAY HEED!

By Mark Segal

Upon the recent news of Douglas Ginsburg's withdrawn nomination to the U.S. Supreme Court after some old Harvard colleagues publicized his experimentation with marijuana, McGill Law students and faculty have scampered in a panic to conceal their own skeletons. In fact, bones were heard to rattle in more than one closet in Old Chancellor Day Hall.

The probing of private lives is serious concern for students. Who can you trust today not to thwart your future ambitions? Maybe paying the imposter \$200 to write your LSAT wasn't enough - you'd better knock him off. What about those upper year students whose papers you plagiarized? You'd better get something over them. And how about those whose sexual practices "deviate" from the "norm", can you trust your partner?

Cont'd on p. 7

DEC 1 1987

ANNOUNCEMENTS

TALMUD CLASS

Every Wednesday, 1:00 p.m.
Room 202

Taught by former student Greg Bordan. Everyone is welcome, no background needed.

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CAREER HANDBOOK RETURNS

Back by popular demand, the *Career Handbook for Law Students*, revised and expanded edition, is now available. Priced to move at \$5.25, and available daily from 11:30 - 12...30 at the Admissions Office, the *Handbook* covers all the essential elements of job hunting by law students. The *Handbook* is the only comprehensive document of its kind available to McGill students. Get your copy while they last.

* * *

LAST QUID OF THE SEMESTER

Please be advised that next week's issue of *Quid Novi* is the last one to be published before exams and Christmas break. Submissions received *after* Wednesday, November 25 will be printed next semester.

* * *

REMINDER

Please remember to donate generously to the Christmas Food Basket. Canned goods and toys are welcome. 1987 was the Year of the Homeless and Hungry - for some, *every* year is the year of the homeless and hungry. Boxes are provided in the Pit and SAO until December 1.

Think of the kids - and thank you for giving. Merry Christmas.

BANZAI!!

Last chance! Thursday, November 26 will witness the last *Happy House Coffee Hour* of the term. To mark this special occasion, hours of operation will be extended to 10 or 11 p.m. Featured will be *Kamikazes!* If you don't like to drink excessively on an empty stomach, pizza menus will be available for your perusal. So come and get into the frame of mind necessary to deal with the approaching horrors of exams at law school.

* * *

HOW TO WRITE THE ESSAY EXAM A WORKSHOP

sponsored by
McGill Reading Centre
McGill Student Services
McGill Alma Mater Fund

Time: December 2, 1987, Wednesday,
3:30 - 4:30 p.m.

Place: Room 203, Education Building,
3700 MacTavish

Cost: Free for McGill students

If you understand the concepts of your courses and yet lack the confidence you need to write an essay type exam, perhaps this workshop will help you. We have designed the workshop particularly for those students who find it difficult to answer questions that require extensive writing. We will teach you strategies that will help you rapidly focus and organize your ideas so that you can write more effective answers to the exam questions.

For further information, contact the McGill Reading Centre, 398-4528.

* * *

DEADLINE FOR SUBMISSION OF ESSAYS AND TERM PAPERS

Please note that all essays and term papers are due at the Student Affairs Office by

Wednesday, December 2, 5:00 p.m.
Extensions are not granted without prior permission from the Associate Dean.

EXAM NUMBERS

All Law Faculty exams are written by an examination number. These are now available at the S.A.O.

DELTA THETA PHI presents "EXAM ANXIETY"

A talk to be given by Prof. S. Toope, Wednesday, November 25, at 12:00 p.m. in Room 201. *Everyone is welcome to attend.*

Delta Theta Phi Dean
Karen Amaron

ILL-ITERACY (An Ode to Henri)

By LC. Opdam

In grade 1, memories of Kindergarten recede
When one is taught how to count, rite and read

But to learn to right is all good and well
But would it not help if one wuz taught how to spell?

The quizzes, spelling bees and text books were there
Even the teachers must have dun thier fare shair.

However thier effort was to no avail
As any spelling be, I'd surely fail

That I saw this as a handy-cap I must confess
I thought a lawyer must spell well to be a success

But dictaphones and secretaries do the job well

Ill-iteracy survives, as this lawyer-to-be don't spell.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:

Now that we (non-smokers) have merrily chased the last fire-breathing beast back into his/her lair...let's talk about coffee. As a confirmed (October 19) non-coffee drinker, I have been following the recent debate in the *Quid* over second-hand smoke and caffeine addiction with great interest. Let me introduce a new wrinkle: the highly unhealthy, secondary effects of caffeine consumption.

Now, I can live with the cafeteria line-ups (my bran muffin on the far side of the long march to the coffee pot) and I can handle the mass of styrofoam (and diet coke cans) choking the life from every bare table top. I can even look the other way when dosed-up Dan Urbas begins his premature mating ritual (thus, over-excitation and sterility coincide - see Issue #8).

We're missing the point: the effects of prolonged caffeine consumption are far more insidious. To put it simply, quality of life in a society full of 5 cup a day addicts is a contradiction in terms.

First, there's the loss of good, productive individuals. You know how it goes: that first a.m. zap hauls you up into the starting gate. A second hit at mid-day (mid-morning?) leads you, in a surge of rash overconfidence, to throw the Constitution to the dog and write a letter to the *Quid*, while the third surge leads you up out of the depths of despair (what the hell did the Queen do with her prerogative?) to call a friend and plan your "soirée" away (fugitive from the Law). Caffeine as a study aid?

But the social havoc wrought by caffeine is of far greater scope, hitting non-coffee drinkers just as surely as addicts. Look around! A pride of java'ed-up professors subjecting you to the most outrageous thought experiments of the twentieth century. While a room full of provincial premiers, spurred on by the wonder drug, take a 3:00 a.m. stab at remodelling the country's Constitution. Need we go any

further up the hierarchy (to the caffeine-fiend Republican Anti-Christ, ready to over-act at the first blip on North Pole radar)?

Coffee drinkers! Please! Put that 60¢ back in your pocket and go get a good night's sleep. We'll all feel better in the morning.

Sincerely,

Glenn McDonald
LL.B. 1

* * *

Dear Editor:

Late night bouts of feverish uncertainty, brought about by Constitutional Law readings, have conjured up lifelike visions of T.S. Eliot. In these apparitions, the great poet has instructed me to reveal the following work:

The Love Song of P.W. Hogg

*Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening's P.O.G.G. cases are
spread out
Like patients etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted
conferences,
The muttering retreats
of restless, mystified souls
And futile, fluttering briefs.*

*Library stacks that follow like a tedious
argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question...
Oh, do not ask, "ancillary doctrine, what is
it?"
Let us go and make our visit.*

*In the room, tutorial leaders come and go
Talking of section 92.*

Jules Godin
B.C.L. 1

L.S.A. UPDATE!

By Kenneth Rosenstein

During the past three months, the LSA Legislative Council has addressed the following issues:

1) **No-Smoking Policy** - The Dean's directive outlining the current policy in the Faculty was reiterated, i.e., the Common Room during functions, the LSA lounge and the Smoker's Study Room are the only areas where smoking is permitted.

2) **LSA** - Both the LSA Office and the LSA Lounge have been repainted. The lounge will be refurnished with furniture from the Common Room. A fridge has been installed in the office for the purpose of selling beer Thursday and Friday afternoon.

3) **Computers** - A computer was purchased for the use of the LSA, *Quid Novi* and LSA clubs.

The allocation of money to the computer committee was frozen until the computers were made functional in French. This has now been done.

4) **Committees** - A committee was set up to publish a Yearbook photo annual. An SSMU Committee was set up to investigate a proposal to start up a Sadie's on upper campus. A motion was passed to establish a committee to revise and/or draft a new constitution for the LSA. A Cafeteria committee was also set up with the purpose of improving cafeteria service.

5) **Bar School** - A report was given detailing the meeting of the province's law schools where the new Bar School curriculum was discussed.

6) **Library** - Update on library renovations, to be completed before Christmas exams.

7) **Wednesday Activities Hour** - A motion was passed expressing the LSA's dissatis-

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Murder-by-Law

By Teresa Scassa

XVI

It was already twilight when Tracy left the faculty after her last class. The sullen winter sky slunk low with threatened snow, muffling the sound of the evening traffic.

Tracy and her friends parted company at the gates of the Faculty. She headed towards the subway which would whisk her down long stone tunnels to her chilly apartment.

When she climbed out of the subway at her stop, the evening sky had already collapsed into darkness. She picked her way through the icy spots on the sidewalk down the quiet street to her home. Behind her, and blending with the sounds of a city heading home to a late supper, she heard the crunch of car tires on the frosty street.

It happened so quickly that she only gave a small shriek as a great grey volvo leapt the curb in front of her. Before she could respond further, the door swung open and she was bundled quickly into the back seat. The door slammed, and with a lurch and a squeal of tires, the car swung back onto the road and roared away.

Tracy lay in cramped shock in the back of the car. Her captor had managed to roughly tie her hands behind her back. A blanket had been thrown over her, blocking out the light. It was old and dirty, and smelled strongly of dogs and gasoline.

Being stuffed head first into the back of a car had been a graceless and bruising experience. The shoulder on which she was lying was painfully sore. She felt a hot streak of blood make its way down her forehead.

There were two people in the front of the car. She knew who they were without opening her eyes. She knew also that she was in desperate trouble. She turned her head slightly to leave a smear of blood on the car seat. Maybe it would help a search party find her, or maybe it would later reveal her assail-

ants' guilt. At the very least it would spoil the upholstery. Tracy left another streak for good measure.

The drive seemed endless. Tracy felt herself growing faint and weak as the noxious odor of the blanket tainted her oxygen supply. Her only comfort was the thought that she might soon vomit all over the car's interior.

After an interminable length of fast road, the car wound through what seemed to be a series of side streets, before jarring to a sudden halt. Tracy saw a dim light through the blanket as the car doors were flung open. She was dragged out of the car by rough hands, and suffered further bruises to her stiffened body. The pain cut through her dizziness. She was led stumbling along a path and into a building. She was thrust into a hard, straight-backed chair and felt ropes bind her body and legs to its rigid form. It was only then that the reeking blanket was pulled from her. She gasped at the shock of air and light.

Professors Tanya Hyde and Philippe Bellesnotes stood before her, grinning evilly in their winter coats. Their faces were flushed with both cold and excitement, which served to accentuate the murderous glitter in their eyes. In an instant Tracy was glad that they had chosen Hyde's car for her kidnapping. She knew from their eyes where they would have put her if they had used Bellesnotes Fiero.

"So, my little detective," began Bellesnotes. "Can you detect why we brought you here?"

"To discuss my habitual lateness for class?" suggested Tracy hopefully.

"Ah," smiled Bellesnotes appreciatively. "Such a kidder."

"I'm sure this is all a misunderstanding."

"Hah!" snarled Hyde with scorn. "The only misunderstanding was on your part. You couldn't take a hint. You had to keep snooping."

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Murder-by-Law

Cont'd from p.4

Tracy was shocked by the obvious injustice of it all.

"I never snooped," she complained indignantly.

"No, you let your cronies do it for you. That pretty airhead quizzed Lejeune endlessly. And as for that idiot reporter, he was like a pig after truffles."

"They would never have the brains to know where to look or what to think on their own," explained Bellesnotes. "So it must have been you. You, my dear child, have a good mind and a good judgment."

Tracy felt it was inappropriate to feel flattered.

"Too good," agreed Hyde. "You were getting in our way."

"You've made a big mistake," continued Tracy. Her family law professor had taught her the merits of mediation. "Let's talk it out," she suggested.

Hyde laughed derisively.

"My dear, there is no hope for you now," explained Bellesnotes apologetically. "Even if we have made a mistake, you must see that we'll have to eliminate you."

"I won't say a word," promised Tracy.

"Ah, so young to die," murmured Bellesnotes in sympathy.

"Let's get on with it Philippe," urged Hyde irritably.

"Of course, my love."

"Wait!" exclaimed Tracy as Bellesnotes moved across the room. The wall he was headed for, apart from being lined with legal-looking texts, held a rack with two gleaming shotguns.

"What?"

"Um, do you have a licence for those?" Bellesnotes turned back towards the wall.

P O T P O U R R I

LE PROCES DE LA MIUF

MONTRÉAL - Le procès-fleuve des victimes de la MIUF remporte le titre de la plus longue saga judiciaire de l'Histoire.

La Cour supérieure a entrepris, le mercredi, 11 novembre, sa 346ième journée d'audience au palais de justice de Montréal.

Le record précédent du Guinness Book of Records qui appartenait à l'affaire Buono jugée en Californie est maintenant battu.

Le procès de la MIUF, qui touche quelque sept mille victimes de la mousse toxique, s'est ouvert le six septembre 1983.

On croule déjà sous 62 mille pages de transcriptions, sans compter les 20 mille pages d'exhibits qui s'ajoutent à l'avalanche de documents.

"But seriously, though," continued Tracy desperately. "You'll be sorry."

"Oh?" inquired Hyde sarcastically raising an eyebrow.

"My, uh, my friends know you did it."

"Then we'll kill them too."

"Oh. Well then there's my husband."

It was Bellesnotes' turn to raise an inquiring eyebrow.

"Hans the East German wrestling champion."

Bellesnotes laughed patronizingly.

"My little one, you are so small for such big lies."

Tracy wondered what was so incredible about the lie. Even Maurice hadn't believed her. She wondered if she should feel insulted.

"It was you who chased me in the library, wasn't it?" she inquired of Bellesnotes.

Cent-quatorze témoins, en majorité des experts, se sont succédés à la barre.

* * *

LE COMMERCE DES SOEURS LÉVESQUE

MONTRÉAL - Le moins que l'on puisse dire: c'est que les soeurs Lévesque ont le sens de l'humour.

Laurence et Micheline Lévesque, accusées de trafic d'héroïne et innocentées par la justice italienne, ont fait parvenir une invitation à la presse pour le lancement de leur livre, la semaine dernière à Montréal.

Elles ont joint à l'invitation: Un petit sac de poudre blanche et on peut lire sur le carton: "Tel que promis: nous livrerons bientôt le reste de la marchandise."

"Yes. It was then that I learned just how clever you were. You upset my attack by fleeing just before midnight. When I was forced to make chase, your crony appeared to attempt to capture me."

"My crony?"

"Don't play dumb," snapped Hyde. "You'll pay for that part too. Your friend the thug bruised my darling so badly that he couldn't come to school without generating some awkward questions."

Tracy could see the fading marks in the cruelly handsome face.

"How did you kill McHeath?" she began,
Cont'd on p. 6

Les Eternels Oubliés... Suite de la p.1

L'Assemblée des Premières Nations compte bien préparer les causes touchant aux droits des autochtones qui atteindront la Cour suprême. De plus ils veulent s'impliquer de plus en plus au niveau international même si sur ce plan leur principal ennemi reste le gouvernement canadien qui conteste leur droit à l'autodétermination.

Murder-by-Law Cont'd from p.5

quickly changing her tactics.

"With a degree in biochemistry it's simple," bragged Hyde. "I'd been adding a mild poison to his coffee for weeks. He used to buy it from the cafeteria, so of course he didn't notice the taste."

"Then Jack was right about the Tax Act."

"Unfortunately, yes," replied Bellesnotes. "It was an oversight on our part."

"The only one," Hyde reminded him. "Otherwise the murder was perfect."

"It was art," he conceded.

"But why?" asked Tracy, to keep them talking.

"For money and prestige," replied Hyde.

"For the woman I love," offered Bellesnotes. The two seemed overcome with sentiment and rushed together to embrace. Tracy decided she should be grateful for the extra minute of life.

Bellesnotes and Hyde eventually untangled themselves.

"Philippe," commanded Hyde, with a return to her authoritative self. "Get on with it."

Bellenotes turned back towards the wall. To Tracy's surprise he ignored the guns and pulled a book from the shelf. With rising horror, Tracy recognized it as a collection of revised federal statutes.

"Oh no," she gasped.

"Oh yes," replied Hyde and Bellesnotes in unison. They carefully inserted ear plugs before Bellenotes flipped open the book and began reading.

After three statutes, Bellenotes paused and handed the book to Hyde who continued the reading. In this manner neither would receive a lethal dose. It was a particularly deadly volume. After four statutes, Tracy was beginning to whimper softly. A two

SIMON SAYS: START THINKING ABOUT THE LAW GAMES!!!

By Arthur Wechsler

"For those McGill students who journeyed to Sherbrooke, now it's back to the reality of the walls of Chancellor Day Hall. The Canada Law Games was a tremendous escape and an unmatched experience. For all those who had too much work to do last weekend and passed on the opportunity, *Law Games '88* are only one year away."

That was the last paragraph I wrote in the article about *Law Games '87*. The *Law Games '88* are only three months away and the time to get excited is quickly approaching.

A "normal" person (someone not in law school) who witnesses some of the tenacious and uncivilized behaviour of a pretentious law student at the Games, comes to realize that the image he has of this type of student as a "library lover" or "intellectual incapacitate" is quite misconceived. The real character of this law student at the Games shows one of strong support and loyalty for his

page Act regulating fishing in remote northern areas sent pains shooting through her abdomen. A few statutes later, she was moaning out loud. Only the ropes that bound her kept her from slipping to the floor.

"And now, my dear," announced Bellesnotes with sadistic glee as he handed the volume back to Hyde. "We shall read you the Bank Act."

Tracy shrieked in anguish. She knew it would be her final Act.

* * *

Will Tracy survive the Bank Act?
Will the evil murderers be brought to justice?
More importantly, does Jack stand a chance with Lily? Are Frank and Doris really an item? Whatever happened to Maurice?

Stay tuned next week for the gripping conclusion of *Murder by Law*.

school, a fierce desire to be victorious in athletic competition, and most importantly a never yielding commitment to ongoing fraternization and "partying".

An ambitious and continuously searching for answers 1st year student wants to know what the Law Games are. He or she has probably heard various rumours and fragments of opinions from upper year students in the first two and a half months of school. However the actual and complete ordeal of this four day extravaganza has not been fully communicated.

I could probably go on for a few pages describing how unbelievable the Games were or how much excitement they provided or how many great times were had by those who attended, but this pessimistic 1st year student might think it was only one student's biased opinion. So, I thought the best way to enlighten this naive but inquisitive individual would be to let him or her accidentally overhear a conversation within the Law Faculty.

Ken A., telling Tom F. in the pit, "I can't wait to go to Windsor February 3rd-7th to see if those wild Queen's Law Women will be as 'friendly' at the Games this year as they were last winter." Not surprisingly, Tom F. responds, "Golly Gee, Ken, I sure hope so." Ken A. then says to Tom F., "I can't wait to play hockey against Ottawa again, last year's match was so intense." Tom F. answers, "Golly Gee, Ken, me too." Finally, Ken A. says to Tom F., "I can't wait to wear my new large McGill Law sweatshirt at the Games"

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L.S.A. Update!

Cont'd from p. 3

faction with recent breaches of the longstanding LSA/Faculty policy not to schedule academic activities during the student activity hour. Recourses for breaches and long-term solutions were raised.

Meetings take place Wednesdays, from 12:00 - 2:00 p.m., every second week, and are open to all students.

CAFFEINE - PART TWO:

SNACKING FOR SUCCESS

By Dan Urbas

The preachers of caffeine-abstinence offer two bland alternatives to caffeinated beverages: **herbal teas** - no doubt made from things that stick between your toes at a beach picnic; and **seltzers** - with "dashes" and "splashes" of fruit juices and other unhelpful plant secretions.

Forget them. Caffeine got you here. Caffeine will help keep you here. What follows is a list of the major caffeine food groups plus a suggested diet of caffeinated beverages and snacks to keep you functioning at unprecedented levels of alertness well into the exam period. (Speaking of which, if exams are so close, why are you reading this and not doing something useful, like panicking?)

The best source of caffeine has traditionally been a cup of coffee, preferably hot and preferably made recently, say within the last calendar month. Connoisseurs extol the benefits of Colombian over Kenyan AA or brool the virtues of Italian-rich over Brazilian-black. These labels denote the style of roasting the bean and not where the bean was grown or even how high up the mountain. You can forget this labelling system too because it is all obiter and it's not on any exam. What is important is where to get a cup of coffee.

There are several convenient places along Peel Avenue. The closest is the **Pit Cafeteria** where they serve between 250 and 275 medium cups before 11:00 a.m. I have never seen any of the cafeteria staff fill the large silver cannister and I wonder "how does the coffee get in there anyway?" They serve three sizes priced 55¢, 65¢, and 75¢ and offer a festive selection of distinctive styrofoam cups. Refills are extra and at your own risk.

Just upstairs to the long right and a short left is the **Dean's Office**. Through the glass-paned door you can always see a pot of coffee steaming up the closest two panes. That's fresh coffee! It's also sacred. Again, no one quite knows how it's made or who makes it

but it's reserved for faculty and staff only. To get a cup, you must receive a McGill salary and have a tenured parking spot. It's risky. Beware: if Linda - Defender of the Fresh Cup - catches you, she has access to a computer that will erase your transcripts and put you back in 1st year. Still, it's worth a try. Dress or act eccentrically, both if you want refills. Bring your own cup.

The next closest is directly across the street at **The Elgin**. Well, they do make it regularly, it is served in chinaware, it is only 60¢, but refills are neither offered nor recommended.

On your way to the metro, you may pop into the **Sheraton Four Seasons**. The price for a cup is a small ransom but refills are free and a nice man in a polyester vest and matching tux pants serves you real coffee poured from a sculpted silver device. If you want automatic refills, wear a tie or long dress, both if you want espresso.

Further down the street, on your way to the Peel Pub, stop in for a fourth cup at **A.J. Van Houette's**. They are the fast food kings of caffeine; you know "millions served, thousands satisfied." They were the first to popularize the "bowl-full-of-coffee". A.J.'s can condense 8 cups of coffee into one large bowl of espresso, sort of like a course summary, only more stimulating.

Of course, there is always tea. It has half the caffeine as in a similar serving of coffee. But tea is a silly drink and makes people talk with Commonwealth accents. Use at your own peril.

Not everyone likes hot drinks. Besides, if a lecture is too long, say thirty-five minutes, your coffee is cold just when you need it the most. **Colas** are an excellent source of caffeine. Producers have responded to market demand with a dizzying selection of caffeine-and-sugar combinations. Most colas fall between 59.0 mg and 30.0 mg of caffeine.

Listed by mg of caffeine by 12 oz serving,

good stand-bys are: Sugar-free Mr. Pibb - 59.0; Mountain Dew 54.0; Tab - 47.0; Coca-Cola - 45.5; Shasta Cherry Cola - 44.5; Dr. Pepper - 40.0; Pepsi-Cola - 38.5; and Diet Pepsi - 36.0. Jolt Cola - "with twice the caffeine of a regular cola" is being considered for a place in the Legal Hall of Fame for outstanding contribution to the law.

Any decent sized **chocolate bar** is an acceptable substitute. They are easier to carry and can last a whole hour if need be. Buy the mushy soft ones with no nuts or crisp wafers if you sit in the front three rows.

There are times when you may panic. You cannot always rely on a traditional form of caffeine: the caf line is 5 minutes longer than your twenty minute break; you are caught in traffic or on a crowded metro; or your prof has just decided to skip the break and pursue some "intriguing tautological neo-reductionist theories of Socratic law study". Your resolve wanes, your eyes

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Ginsburg...

Cont'd from p. 1

If you really want to keep your secret, switch to necrophilia or sheep-banging. Then there are the students who cheat on exams - will the Teddy Kennedy curse afflict them, even if they weren't officially caught but only seen by a few classmates? Of course, sampling a little weed is now a definite no-no; but you can beat this rap by stocking up on drug-free urine - don't forget to date each vile. One thing you don't need to worry about is getting drunk and vomiting at a beer bash - even Mulroney was known to get tanked up and blow his cookies at public dinner parties.

Thus, beware and protect yourselves. Behind every friendly smile offering to share an experience (whether it be the white substances, whips and chains, or an invitation to a craps game) lies the road to a denied judgeship, an impeachment as ambassador, or a broken dream to be Chief Executive Officer. However, take solace, there is a golden parachute: you can always become a professor.

Simon Says... Cont'd from p.6

to which Tom F. responds, "Golly Gee, Ken, me too. I hope it's not too big."

The overachieving eager 1st year law student should speak to Dim M. or How G. and ask them their feelings on last year's retreat. The response would be something akin to, "The athletics were enjoyable, but the soirées were magical. We thought it would be all work and no play, but boy were we mistaken. Our advice to you is to sleep the three days before the Games so that you don't waste your evenings catching 'shut-eye', if you know what we mean."

Finally while passing by the smoker's room, Mr. 1st year might catch the last few words of Mike M. muttering to himself. "I did not want to participate in any of the sports because they were too rough and too competitive, but I had the greatest time just running

around and acting insane."

At this point this 1st year student has conjured up visions of an absolutely incredible time had by any student at the Law Games. This vision is quite correct. The Law Games is a welcome retreat in the midst of a hectic school semester. It is an escape which allows you to forget about juristic notions and legal rhetoric, and experience a tremendous four days. The only unhappy event that I can report about last year's Games was the overall attendance by the McGill contingency. Let us not be as apathetic this winter, as the other law schools in Canada believe us to be. Be a part of the McGill Squad '88 heading to Windsor in February and I can assure you will be the better for it.

CAPTION CONTEST #2

"I don't care if I do lose my job, I refuse to bow to any kind of pressure from the Dean of this institution."

Delta, Jessy and Farrah.

"...so then Dean Macdonald screamed 'AAGGGHHHH'. Then he shouted, 'To hell with this!! I'm trying out for the New York Yankees.' He threw *this* to the floor and ran out of the room, babbling about how Oliver Wendell Holmes couldn't hit the curveball."

Franco Tamburro



"I don't care what Dean Rod's new faculty regulations are, I'm not wearing one!!!"
Rodney Garson, B.C.L. IV

"You want me to *stick* this where?!"

Kevin Kyte, LL.B. III

"The ballots are in.....*you've* been appointed the next Dean."

The S.A.O.

"Dean Macdonald: The Early Days!"

G. Ahtipis, B.C.L. I

"I know, I know! But if I'm going to sport a Jutras haircut, I can't very well wear a *real* tie, can I?"

Ali Argun

Caffeine... Cont'd from p. 7

glaze and a muffled, familiar cry bubbles to your mouth, weak at first and growing belligerent and anxious: **CAFFEINE!**

Caffeine isn't always coffee. This is more than just a truism. As I said earlier, in purest form it's a coarse white substance. There do exist convenient **prescription** and **non-prescription** forms of caffeine. The former are easy to carry, discreet to eat in a lecture hall, and make nice light snacks. Keep in mind that a regular cup of coffee has 140 mg of caffeine. **Prescription** tablets are prescribed mainly for migraines - Cafegot, 100.0; tension headaches - Fiorinal, 40 mg; or pain relief - Darvon, 32.5 mg. These are a nuisance to procure and have a low yield of caffeine. The best pills are the easiest to buy.

No one needs to fake a migraine for over-the-counter tablets. Take a "Codexin", for instance. Take two, they're light. It is a **weight control drug**, as are "Dex-A-Diet II", "Dexatrim", and "Apperdrine Maximum Strength". All clock in at a tingling 200 mg per tablet. That is 1 1/2 cups of coffee per tablet.

There are **alertness tablets** - like "Vivarin" at 200 mg or "Nodoz" at 100 mg and **diuretics** - such as "Aqua Ban" at 100 mg or "Permathene H2 Off" at 200 mg.

Of course, if you need just a mild hit, try the tamer **pain relievers** - "Anacin" 32 mg, "Excedrin" 65 mg, or "Midol" 32.5 mg, or **cold and allergy remedies** - "Dristan" 16 mg or "Coryban-D capsules" 30.0 mg.

Tablets have their drawbacks. It is easy to lose count of them. You may forget to take enough the day of an exam. Also, it is hard to ask someone over for a "Dexatrim" or "Codexin". There's virtually no ritual in taking a pill. But, there are no styrofoam cups, no cream and sugar containers, and no one has to tip their pharmacist.

The key is balance. A regular student diet should sample each of the major caffeine food groups. Eat a sensible mix of coffee, colas, chocolate, pain relievers, weight control drugs, and allergy tablets. A proper balance should keep you peaking right up until exams.